

Introducing the Thousand Legged Boa

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



MAMIE TELLS BELLE

That Votes for Women Are Like Harem Skirts, and to "LET THE CHILDREN VOTE"

WANT to vote, Belle? Would you like to take your lunch through a hose in jail for demandin' your rights too vilitly, or do b'lieve woman's place is in the kitchen with the other good things? This is a free country, y'know, Belle, and whichever way you think you're liable to be somebody's enemy.

The way I figure it out, Belle, the women are not busy with babies or harem skirts, or somepin', have simply got to have somepin' on their minds, the same as they always did, and—well, you don't hear of anybody answerin' those limerick puzzles or makin' bedroom sets out o' cigar bands any more, do you?

But without jokin', Belle, if women knew exactly what they wanted, and really wanted it, why they'd get it—that's all. There never was a man yet that could hold out against that combination. Eve really wanted that apple for dessert, and what could poor Adam do?

But the trouble is they don't know what they want, and that's a bad state of mind to be in if you ever expect to get anything. Do you know Mrs. Sadler, Belle? Well, she's in woman suffrage so strong that every time the newspapers discover that they haven't got anything to go with the account of a fire or a new steamship record, they just run Mrs. Sadler's picture.

Can't Convert Mamie

"Votes, votes!" says Mrs. Sadler. "Lift politics out of the mud. Ain't you tired of havin' the men tramp on your neck?"

"I didn't feel no pressure," I tells her.

"You know what I mean," says Mrs. Sadler. "We women must put politics where it belongs."

"Where does it belong?" I want to know.

"It belongs," she says, "it belongs—it belongs—" and do you know, Belle, she hadn't any more idea where it belongs than I have. But it wouldn't do you no good to know that, anyway, Belle, because no matter where politics belongs, it'll prob'ly never get there.

The only man I know that knows the constitution of the United States is a school teacher, and can't vote because he was born in Germany and has never been naturalized. What I say is, "Let the children vote." It'll be a good education for 'em, and it prob'ly won't make any difference in the elections, because the votes'll prob'ly be counted by the same men, anyway.

MR. PEEVED PROTESTS

"Where's Jackie?" inquired Mrs. Peeved, as she spread out her embroidery on her knee and surveyed it critically.

"Why?" answered Mr. Peeved, "that Jugs, or Jars, kid came around and I told him he could go out with him."

"What?" cried his wife. "That Bot-tles boy? I've told Jackie repeatedly not to associate with him. I don't like his looks, and I think he's a rough boy and has a bad influence on Jackie."

Father's Views

"Bosh," retorted Mr. Peeved. "This thing of forbidding a child to go with this person and that person has ruined more boys than the cigarette habit. The sooner you let Jackie understand that he is to choose and pick among the other boys for his companions the sooner he will begin to study human nature and find out for himself just what kind of people it is not good for him to associate with."

"Now I don't know anything about this Jugs boy or whatever his name is; he looked all right to me, but if he had it will do Jackie a word of good to find it out for himself, because—"

"Had a swell time!" announced Jackie, bursting into the room and flinging his cap at the farthest chair.

"Did you Jackie," said the father. "And how do you like your little friend?"

"Great! He told me an awful funny story. He said once there was a man and he went out and his wife told him not to dare go anywhere that she couldn't go too if she was alone, and when he came back she asked him where he'd been and he said—"

"That'll do, son!" exclaimed Mr. Peeved, with a nervous start of recognition, "we've heard enough."

Mother Interested

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Peeved. "Go on, Jackie. It sounds very interesting. I'm sure."

"Well, when she asked him—"

"Jackie!" shouted his father, "go to bed at once, and if ever I hear you going with that Jugs boy again you'll hear from me."

"You see, Petty," he explained in answer to his wife's scandalized expression, "one of the boys—a stranger, he was—started telling that at the club, and I—and I heard it before I had time to get away."

Mrs. Peeved sniffed.

By JAMES H. HAMMON

ALGY

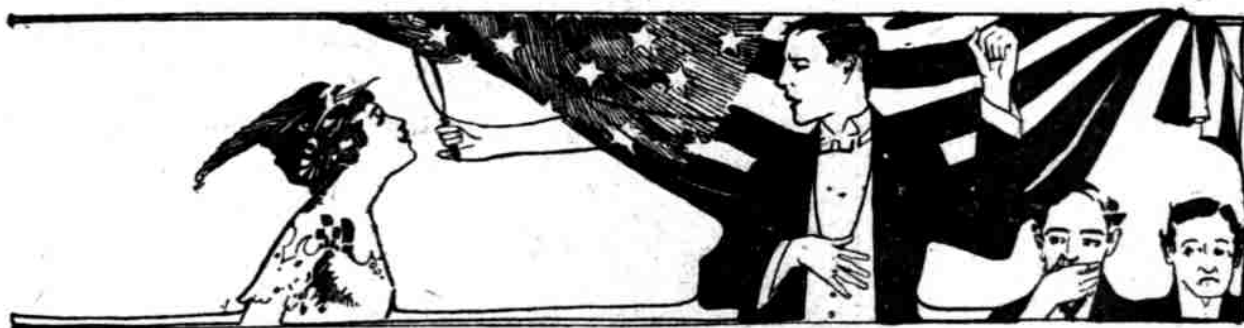
Drawn for The Washington Times

He Takes a Treat



Loretta's Looking-Glass

Girl Who Ridicules Her Lover's Ambitions



I'D LIKE to shake you! I can't see why a girl sets up obstacles in her own road to marriage. For sheer unadulterated and idiotic blindness to your own interests, you can positively outclass any human ostrich who ever stuck her head under the sand of her own silliness.

A poisoned sword plunged into a man's breast and turned slowly against the grain of his living flesh never hurt worse than the lance of your laughter. The slow seep of the venom through the blood never tortured more than your scorn. You lac-erate his pride and paralyze his ambition. And you stir a dull, aching rebellion in him that may end in his hating you.

His Shuffling Feet

You went to hear his maiden political speech. He was an oratorical failure. You saw his awkward hands, sticking from the white rim of his cuffs in red hugeness. You watched him gulp down his stage fright and swallow his words as well. His shuffling feet looked enormous.

And when you joined him later, and he looked at you with the tragic hope in his eyes that he had not been quite so dreadful as he feared, you LAUGHED AT HIM.

It was when their knights fell, un-

successful, in the lists that women of old defied appearances and flew to staunch their wounds with love and their dress-up velle. But you meanly forsake a man when he needs you most. There are others who will help him to enjoy his triumph. You ought to share his defeat.

But no, you laugh! You do it to discourage him from making another effort. You feel ridiculous because he looked so; and you are his sweetheart. You do not like to be associated with any but pleasant, easy, well-ordered things and people.

If he cannot be a finished product

OUR DEVIL WONDERS

He Will Find Company

Possibly, though, he did have a sweetheart. Perhaps, that is why he fled to the seashore and the waves' companionship. But let me tell you, that the seashore is not the lonely place it used to be. Your sweetheart will find company if you drive him there. And the company may be feminine and sympathetic. It may know that a man's ambitions are the best of him.

It's a terrible risk to let another woman get a chance to sympathize with a man you want to hold.

NEWS OF THE CIVIL WAR

As Told in Daily Dispatches Printed FIFTY YEARS AGO TODAY

THE memorable struggle which attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, and known as the civil war, began just fifty years ago.

The old newspapers of both northern and southern cities published during that stirring period have been searched, and from day to day the war news and current reflection of public sentiment are presented as they appeared in each section at that time.

From the southland the dispatches are taken directly from the files of an old-time newspaper of Richmond, Va., and from the north the news is drawn from several sources, including files of old papers in several of the larger cities.

The Southern View

April 13, 1861 (Saturday)

The United States flag on Fort Sumter is down, says a Charleston dispatch, and the white flag is displayed in its place. A boat was seen approaching the fort with a white flag. Major Anderson has not fired a gun for four hours.

Another dispatch reads: "At intervals of twenty minutes, the fire was kept up all night on Fort Sumter. Anderson ceased to fire in return at 6 p. m. All night he was engaged in repairing damages and protecting his barbette guns. He commenced to return his fire this morning at 7 o'clock, but seems to be greatly disabled. At 9 o'clock this morning a dense smoke poured out from Fort Sumter. The federal flag is now at half mast, signaling distress."

A third dispatch says: "The ships are in the offing, quietly at anchor. They have not fired a gun. The entire roof of Anderson's barracks is in a vast sheet of flame. Two of Anderson's magazines have exploded. Occasional shots are fired on him from Fort Moultrie."

Unconditional Surrender Of Fort Sumter

"Victory belongs to South Carolina," says a later dispatch. "With the display of a flag of truce on its ramparts, Fort Sumter, at half past 1 o'clock, ceased firing and unconditionally surrendered. The South Carolinians had no idea that the fight would end soon. It is not known when the Carolinians will occupy Fort Sumter or what will be done with the vanquished."

Mr. Marmaduke Johnson, a member of the Virginia state convention, arriving himself with a bludgeon and knife, it is alleged, waylays and assaults Mr. John M. Daniel, editor of a Richmond newspaper, who had ridiculed him editorially for his oratorical efforts in the convention.

Northern Preparations Indicate Blockade

Dispatches from New York say that the government has chartered the steamers Philadelphia and Ericsson. The former, it is stated, is rapidly filling with provisions, army stores and munitions of war. The latter will probably be held in reserve in case of emergency. It is believed that the government intends to blockade every port in the confederate states.

The Northern View

April 13, 1861 (Saturday)

War has begun! The batteries on Sullivan's island, Morris island and other points opened fire on Fort Sumter at 4 o'clock yesterday morning. Fort Sumter returned the fire, and a brisk cannonade has been kept up ever since. Last night General Beauregard sent the following telegram to the secretary of war of the confederacy:

"An authorized messenger from Lincoln has just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter, peacefully, if possible, otherwise, by force."

Secretary of War Demands Evacuation of Fort Sumter

The secretary replied as follows: "You will demand the immediate evacuation of Fort Sumter. If this is refused, proceed as you see fit to reduce it."

General Beauregard at once communicated with Major Anderson, notifying him of his instructions and received the following reply:

"I have the honor to acknowledge your communication demanding the evacuation of Fort Sumter, and regret to say it is a demand with which my sense of honor and of my obligation to my government prevent my compliance."

Upon the receipt of this answer, Beauregard at once opened fire.

2000 Confederate Troops Arrive at Charleston

The following dispatch was received at Philadelphia at 9:30 last night: "Firing has continued all day without intermission. Two of Fort Sumter's guns have been silenced, and a breach has been made in the southwest wall. Of the nineteen batteries in position, only seven have opened fire on Fort Sumter; the remainder are being held in reserve for the expected fleet."

At 2 a. m. word was received that the bombardment was still going on every twenty minutes from the mortars. It is supposed that Major Anderson is resting his men, as he has ceased to return the fire.

Fort Sumter is well equipped to withstand a lengthy siege, except for the scarcity of provisions. The walls are of solid brick and concrete masonry, sixty feet high, and from eight to twelve feet in thickness, pierced for three tiers of guns.

Our Grocery Clerk Says All Is Vanity

Being a man of the world you may have heard that Thursday is the day every good cook allows the missis to muss up the kitchen while she visits her sister. The boss has heard it, too, among a billion or so other little scraps of information, and that's why he chose Wednesday to get rid of that double line of bottled olives that had been doing nothing but gather dust for the past month.

Strictly on their merits as olives they would have made any cocktail throw out its chest, but they were a brand for the past month.

If Demosthenes had had you about, he would not, at this moment, be sending his eloquent, soundless voice down the centuries. You would have laughed at his stammering. You would have said, with all that hatefulness which a girl can scrape up on occasions, "Dumy, dear, you are a joke! Don't make speeches! Make hay with the other farmers!"

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Paragraphic Yarn With a Real Moral

Polly Prim lay great stress upon dress.

To be fastidiously garbed was an obsession with her.

Her right name was Polly without the Prim, but she got the affix by reason of her exactness in dress.

Next to being stylishly dressed, Polly enjoyed strolling on the boulevard with the feminine procession.

About Easter time Polly got a new black and white striped flannel suit. She put it on the Sunday before Easter and started out for a little walk.

Polly was satisfied when she saw everybody "looking her over."

She strolled finally over the bridge which spans the railroad tracks in the heart of the city.

It was just time for the limited express to pass.

Instead of being made of cement the bridge floor was of timber with long cracks between the boards.

The limited shot along toward the bridge.

Thinking of her new suit, Polly started to run.

The fireman in the passenger engine put on more coal.

The train passed swiftly under the bridge.

The smoke stack was directly under where Polly stood.

Z-z-z-z!

MORAL

A fashion plate is not judged so much by its title page as its table of contents.

